

Crustation, Face The Waves

No tomorrows
Left in shadow

I like the discipline to
Face the waves and
Drown inside of them
My nature is to spin like a
Grain of sand whenever a tide comes in
The certainties have shifted
Words deleted incompleted
The hissing drift of wintering
Scalded scar of his words leaves a stain

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Like beggars we would meet again
In the months to come and the years
Exchanging consciousness
Exchanging reason and tears
Released from all the pain
Only a bittersweet savor remains
And the barest have to glow
A trace of that state of floating is

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